

NANTUCKET

narwhal

travelling in small
packs of one sex
mainly one

long tusk on the
left in
males on the
right for
the lady

unicorns in the
moonlight

the tusk for
catching fish
raking the
sand for clams
breaking holes
or to protect
their women

or maybe none
of the above

NANTUCKET

what's indigestable
tough the whale
can't use it held
inside so long
too much will
kill him

ambergris floats
to the surface
or stinks

sometimes perfume
comes out of it

it's like what
happens with poems

TUNDRA. JULY

poppies sedges tussock
buttercups lemmings

horizontal light
on the rain
deer moss the

warble fly planting
eggs in the
caribou's belly

they'll grow there
for a year in

a month there'll
be snow in the

sky willow
thickets tall enough
now to hide a
moose in

THE FIRST WEEK THIS TIME

at breakfast we
talk of water
birds those
birds that sing
all night in
california in
texas i remember
how my old man
would shoot off
beebees he
never aimed at
anything we were
married 45 years
now i just watch
people listen
so i tell her
about my room
over otter creek
how i still keep
faucets dripping
she writes this
down on bread
that she swallows
whole